

Oceanea

Thomas Dolby

Cannonballs
Ricochet around the room
I hurry home to lick my wounds
I stumble home to Oceanear

A nightingale
Sat above my mother's tomb
Twilight in the afternoon
I stumble home to Oceanear

Not far from here
On some other Eco zone
The crocuses are still in bloom
I stumble home to Oceanear

Yeah
And I am free
I'm soaring on a thermal wind
I'm learning how to shed my skin
I made it home to Oceanear